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DURHAM, COUNTY OF GREY, ONTARIO, JUNE 2ND, 1870.

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James Brown,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES,
Durham, Ont.

J. F. Halsted, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., HAN-
OVER, Ontario.

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F. W. Pritchard, A. M. M. D.,
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Residence one door South of Jas. Brown's
store, Lower Town, Durham. The doctor
will give advice, FREE OF CHARGE,
each day from 10 a. m. till 2 p. m.
All orders left at Friday & Shaw's
Drug Store promptly attended to and
so bring along your children and have
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Office—In Griffin's Building, Durham,
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Money to Lend from one to ten per-
cent, on easy terms of interest. Terms
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be loaned on good Farm and Town Property,
at 3 per cent. Office—14 Garafraca St.,
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Glazing, and Paper Hanging, done in the
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FROM GLASGOW,
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Office, Charges mod-
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at the Chronicle Of-
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Wagon & Carriage Shop.
H. L. STOREY IS NOW PREPARED
to furnish Carriages, Cutters, Wag-
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best material, at the cheapest possible rates.
All work warranted. Shop, opposite Mr.
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Groceries, and General Wholesale
Merchants, Hamilton, Ont.

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General Blacksmith, opposite
Wiley's Boot and Shoe
Store, Lower Town, Durham.
Good workmanship, punctuality and moder-
ate charges are the rules at this Sanitury.

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GO TO
SHEWELL'S
Cabinetware and Chair
Factory,
OPPOSITE ORANGE HALL
DURHAM.
SIGN OF THE BIG CHAIR.

WHERE FURNITURE OF EVERY
description can be had as cheap,
and as good as at any other establishment
in the County. All work warranted.
Ware-room, One Door North of the sign
of the big chair.

MRS. WOOD & MRS. E. PERKINS
MILNERS & DRESSMAKERS
DRESS TO ANNOUNCE THAT THEY
are prepared to do Millinery and
Dress-making, and would kindly solicit the
patronage of Durham and vicinity. Mrs.
Perkins is well acquainted with above
branches, and also Straw-work. Finishing
done in good style.
Residence next to R. McKenzie's
large brick store, Lower Village.

George Isaacs,
SADDLER, HAR-
NESS and Trunk
Maker, opposite the
Crown Land Office,
Durham, Ont.
Whips, Spurs, &c.,
always on hand.
Jobbing done on the shortest notice.

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RICHARDVILLE, JAMES BELL,
Proprietor. Having leased the
above premises, lately occupied by Mr. J.
Hart, I am prepared to offer first-class ac-
commodation to travellers and the public
generally. Good Wines, Liquors and Cigars
always on hand. Superior Stabling and
an attentive Hostler. Stages call daily.

CORNISH'S HOTEL,
RICHARDVILLE. This House has re-
cently been refitted and furnished in
first class style, with a view to its comfort,
and accommodation of the travelling public.
Wines, Liquors and Cigars of the choicest
brands always on hand. Good Stabling and
an attentive hostler. Stages call daily—
Charges moderate.

Argyle Hotel,
HUGH MACKAY, PROPRIETOR,
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Licensed Auctioneer for the County of
Grey.

DURHAM HOTEL, Durham,
JAMES ELLIOTT, Proprietor.
wishes to inform his old friends and the
public generally, that he has again com-
menced business in the above Hotel and
hopes by strict attention to the comfort of
his guests to merit a fair share of public
patronage.
A good Livery in connection.

SIMPLE AND ELEGANT!



DURABLE AND ECONOMICAL!

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Is the most complete Sewing Machine made.

The price of the Machine, on beautiful

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\$32.00.

IT IS UNDENIABLE,

THAT THE Lockman Machine is not

only the LATEST but also the

BEST of its kind, before the

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IT IS UNDENIABLE,

THAT THE Lockman Machine, altho'

not much exceeding in price the

very cheapest machine manu-

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INCORPARABLY superior

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brought out.

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THAT THE Lockman Machine has

achieved an IMMENSE POPU-

LARITY in the short time it has

been before the people.

IT IS UNDENIABLE,

THAT THE Lockman Machine already

occupies a position only second

to others after years of toilsome

effort.

Call and Inspect.

Agent for Durham and vicinity,

F. H. Edwards,

Durham, March 16th, 1870.

DENTISTRY.

JAS. B. ELLIOTT, DENTIST.

Office—One door North of

Elliott's Hotel, Upper Village, Durham.

A CHOICE LOT OF

FRESH MEAT

ALWAYS ON HAND,

AT THE

"Durham Meat Market,"

CHARLES LIMLIN.

POETRY.

Perhaps so, but I doubt it.

Old Money Grab has piles of wealth,

Yet toils like any nigger—

But larger grows the figure.

He says religion is a lie,

And men can do without it—

Will this pay when he comes to die?

Perhaps so, but I doubt it.

And while old Grub hoards up his gold,

Young Grub makes haste to spend it,

Resolved to sin till he is old—

Then change his life and mend it.

Do you think he'll get about it?

Will long indulgence make him strong?

Perhaps so, but I doubt it.

And Mrs. Grub, the miser's wife

Who prates of Mrs. Grundy,

And leads a very worldly life

On every day but Sunday,

Will riches her the power give

To conquer death or flout it?

Can she, by wishing, longer live?

Perhaps so, but I doubt it.

And young Miss Grub, so full of airs,

And so devoid of candor,

So fond of shirking household cares,

So very prone to stammer,

Will Heaven her petition hear,

Howe'er loud she shouts it?

Will she rejoice when death draws near?

Perhaps so, but I doubt it.

Will strife and anger lead to peace?

Will riches bring contentment?

Will vice, by free indulgence, cease?

Will harsh words cure resentment?

When Heaven wills that we should bear

Misfortune, can we rout it?

And is it wisdom to despair?

Perhaps so, but I doubt it.

The Progress of Opinion.

A Nantucket sea captain tells the

following anecdote about a shipmate

who accompanied him on one of his early

whaling voyages:—

Stiles was a simple hearted, transpa-

rent young fellow; and when we sailed

had been paying attention for some time

to a young lady, who, he had reason to

think, did not fully reciprocate his

ardent feelings. At all events, the

parting, on her part, was not so affec-

tionate as he could wish, and he was

impressed with the belief that she only

kept him as a stand-by, in default of a

better offer.

I don't believe, Stiles would say, with

a despondent shake of his head, I don't

believe Ann Jones'll have me, anyhow.

When we had been out a few months,

and had met with fair success Stiles'

tone was modified. The burden of his

monologue was changed too, Well,

I don't but what Ann Jones'll have

me, after all.

With a thousand barrels of oil under

hatchway, he became still more hopeful.

Chance is pretty good for Ann Jones,

he would say, pretty good now.

At fifteen hundred barrels he had ac-

quired a self-satisfied manner, and so-

liloquized, I guess there's no danger but

what Ann Jones'll have me now.

At two thousand barrels—Ann Jones'll

be glad enough to get me now, I

know.

When we cut up the last whale that

was to fill the vessel's hold and squared

away for home, Stiles threw up his hat

in the air with a wild Indian yell of

triumph, exclaiming—I'll be blown if

Our Mortality.

Addison has the following reflections:

"When I look upon the tombs of the

great, every emotion of envy dies in me;

when I read the epitaphs of the beauti-

ful, every inordinate desire goes out;

when I meet with the grief of parents

upon a tombstone, my heart melts with

compassion; when I see the tomb of the

parents themselves, I consider the

vanity of grieving for those whom we

must quickly follow. When I see kings

lying by their wives placed side by side,

or the holy men that divided the world

with their contests and disputes, I re-

fect with sorrow and astonishment on

the little competition, factions and de-

baters of mankind. When I read the

several dates of the tombs, of some that

died yesterday, and some six hundred

years ago, I consider that great day

when we shall all of us be contemporaries,

and make our appearance to-

gether."

To Paint an Old House.

When the paint has disappeared to

such an extent that the surface of the

siding is rough and full of minute sun-

cracks, the dry and porous wood will

absorb three times as much oil as will

be required to cover the same extent of

surface were the siding new and just

planned. Indeed, the absorptive capacity

of such weather-beaten lumber is so

great that the dry grain of the timber

will absorb a large proportion of the oil

and leave the paint on the surface, where

it will shortly dry into a powder that

the storms will remove in a compara-

tively brief period.

The grand object in covering the sur-

face of the siding with paint is to pro-

tect the grain of the wood from getting

soaked with water, as the grain expands

every time water is applied to it, and

contracts, forming cracks on the surface

whenever it has an opportunity to be-

come dry. These are the conditions and

difficulties to be met. The object will

be to cover the surface of the old boards

with a durable coat of paint, at the

cheapest possible expense. If good oil

is used, and until the porous grain of

the dry wood will absorb no more

oil, a coat of paint will be formed that

will wear almost an age. But the large

quantity required would cost much more

than most people will care to expend in

painting an old house, when some cheap-

er material will subserve the same satis-

factory purpose. The idea is to fill the

porous and cracked surface with a cheap

material that will prevent the oil from

separating from the paint and entering

the wood. It is not essential to the

durability of the siding that the wood

beneath the surface be saturated with

oil, so long as the surface is properly

protected with a thin coating impervious

to water.

Make a gallon of good paste, of

wheat or rye flour, then have ready a

pound of cheap rice and a half pound of

cheap glue boiled to a consistency as

thin as very thin molasses, that may be

pouring out quickly, and stir the three

ingredients together while they are hot,

and apply it with a brush so as to fill

up all the sun-cracks and cover the

rough surface of the siding, thus form-

Rather Precocious.

There was a little daughter whose

mother called her attention to a book,

and asked her what it was.

"Why, don't you know?" asked the

girl.

"Yes," said the mother, "but I wish

to find out if you know."

"Well," responded the child, "I do

know."

"Tell me then, if you please," said the

mother.

"Why, no," said the little miss, archly;

"you know what it is, and there's no use

saying anything more about it."

A Good Borrower.

"Mrs. H." exclaimed a little urchin,

on running into a near neighbor's house,

"mother wanted me to ask, would you

please lend 'er yer candle moulds?"

"The moulds were given him, and he

ran home. In a few minutes he returned

with this query.

"Mother wants to know if you'd be

kind enough to lend 'er some wick?"

"The wicking was measured off, and

he again departed. But he soon ap-

peared again, and said:

"Mother would be so thankful if you